The Last Meeting

TARANGINI

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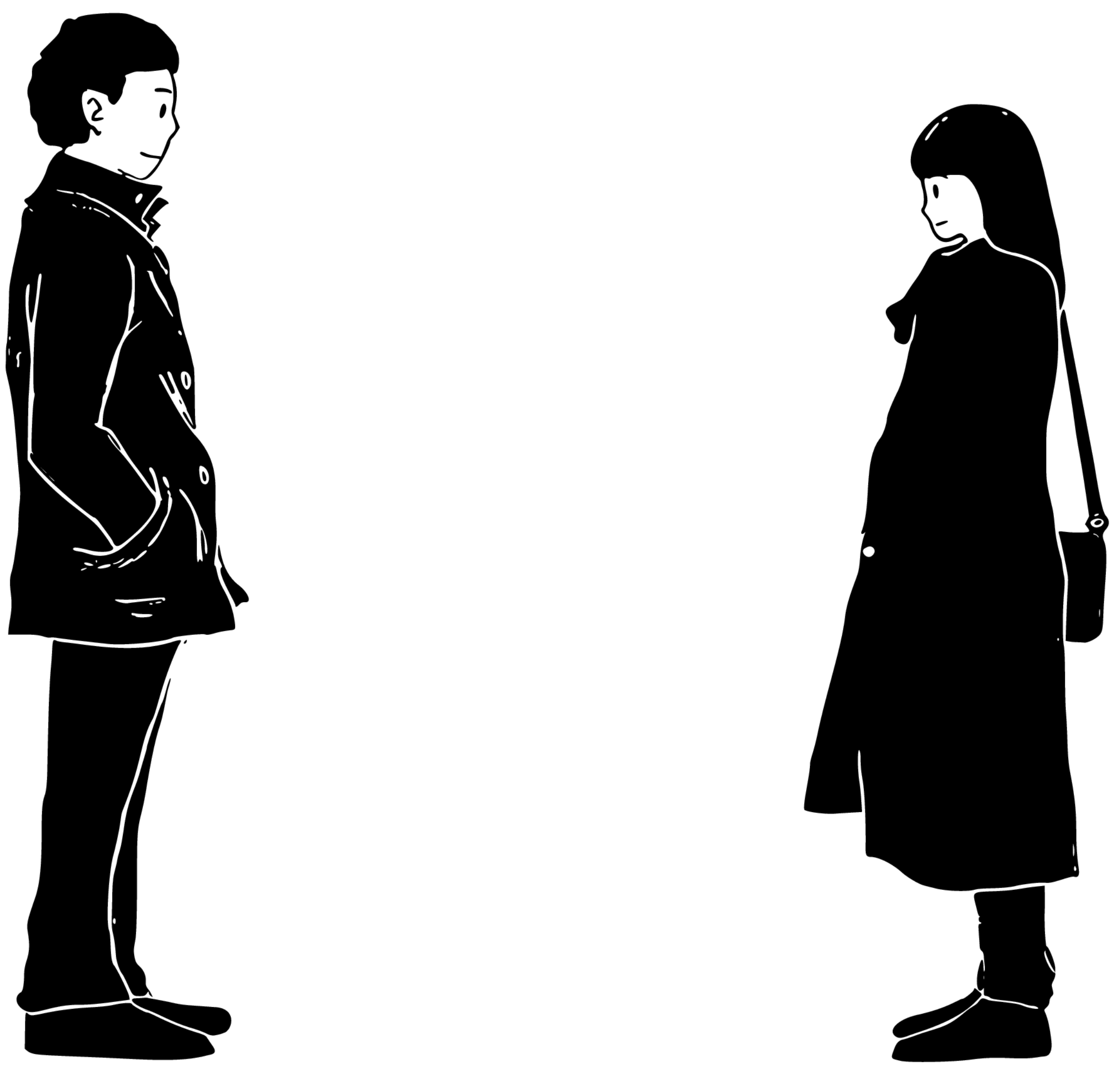
When silence becomes the answer.



by

Tarangini

prologue

There are goodbyes that arrive with tears. There are goodbyes that arrive with anger. And there are goodbyes that arrive quietly, without warning, without sound.

This is not a story of loud endings. It is a story of silence.

She did not know when the distance began. Perhaps it was in the delayed replies. Perhaps it was in the missed calls. Perhaps it was in the way her words no longer felt urgent to him.

He believed in later. She believed in now.

And between those two beliefs, something broke.

This is the story of waiting. Of holding on to hope long after it has faded.

It is the story of a girl who asked for nothing more than presence. And a boy who thought time was endless.

It is the story of The Last Meeting.

The last meeting

The city outside her window was alive with lights. Cars moved like restless stars, and voices rose from the street below. But inside her room, everything was quiet. The silence was not peaceful. It was heavy, like a blanket she could not push away.

She sat by the window, her phone glowing in her hand. The words she had typed were simple, but they carried the weight of her pride.
"Sorry... I won't disturb you again. Talk to me when you have time. I'll wait."
Her thumb hovered over the send button. She knew that pressing it meant surrender. It meant admitting that she was waiting for someone who had already begun to drift away.

She pressed send.

Far away, he saw the message. He read it once, then let the screen fade. He told himself he would reply later. He believed in later, as if time was endless, as if hearts could wait forever.

But later is a dangerous promise. It sounds gentle, but it kills slowly

Days passed. She woke up each morning hoping for a reply. She checked her phone before she brushed her hair, before she made her tea, before she even looked at herself in the mirror.

Nothing.

Weeks folded into months. She reread old messages, scrolling through them like they were proof that she had not imagined the love. Each word felt like a memory she was trying to keep alive.

He scrolled past her name often. He thought of replying, but there was always something else. A meeting. A deadline. A friend calling. He told himself he would answer tomorrow. Always tomorrow.

His life was loud. Her life was quiet.

Her evenings were filled with silence. His evenings were filled with noise.
And in that difference, something broke.

Some goodbyes do not announce themselves. They do not arrive with tears or trembling voices. They hide inside ordinary conversations, inside delays, inside silence.

Rain tapped against her window one evening. She watched drops slide down the glass, each one carrying a piece of her patience.

Festivals came and went. The streets outside were filled with laughter, music, and lights. But her room remained dark.
She stopped asking. She stopped sending reminders. But she never stopped waiting.

The hardest truth was not rejection. It was being slowly forgotten by someone who once made her feel seen.

She told herself he was busy.
She told herself he cared,
but he had no time.
Yet deep inside, she knew the truth. Effort is never too small for someone who wants to stay.

Eight months later, on the night before her birthday, she picked up her phone again. Her hands trembled as she dialed his number. The call rang for a long time. She almost hung up, but then he answered.

His voice was familiar, like a song she had not heard in years. For a moment, time lied. Laughter returned. Hope flickered inside her chest, fragile but alive.

She spoke softly, carrying the weight of everything she had never said. “I didn’t need you always,” she whispered. “I just needed you sometimes. Tomorrow is my birthday… can you stay?”

She did not ask for forever. She did not ask for everything. She only asked for a little presence, a small moment of care.

He paused. The silence between them stretched. She could hear his breath, the hesitation, the excuses forming in his mind. “I’ll try,” he said at last.

And both of them knew. “Try” was just a softer way to say no.

She did not cry loudly that night. Some heartbreaks do not make noise. Her tears did not fall in rivers. They stayed inside, quiet, heavy, and unseen.
She sat by her window again, phone in her hand, but this time the messages felt different. They did not feel like love anymore. They felt like history.

She scrolled through them slowly, remembering the warmth they once carried. But the warmth was gone. The words were cold, like stones she could not throw away.

She thought of the nights when his replies had made her smile. She remembered the mornings when his words had been the first thing she saw. Now, they were only shadows of what had been.

Something inside her shifted. Not her love. She still loved him. But her expectation changed.
She realised that waiting had become her prison. And silence had become her answer.

The next morning, sunlight spilled into her room. She woke up and did not check her phone.

It was her birthday. She smiled faintly, not because she was happy, but because she had made a choice.
In that small, silent decision, she chose herself.
She realised she was never too much. She was simply too real for someone who only loved in convenience.

She dressed slowly, looked at herself in the mirror, and whispered, “Happy birthday.”

Her voice was soft, but it was enough. For the first time, she did not wait for someone else to make her feel important.

She walked to the kitchen, made tea, and let the steam rise. The silence was no longer heavy. It was hers.

She walked outside. The air was fresh, the sky wide and blue.

Children played in the street. Vendors shouted their prices. Life moved on, and she moved with it.

Her phone stayed in her bag. She did not reach for it.
She thought of him, but the thought no longer hurt. It was just a memory, like a photograph fading at the edges.

Some people do not leave all at once. They leave in fractions. In delayed replies. In missed moments. In the slow erosion of effort.
And she had finally seen it clearly.

She remembered the last time she felt important. That was the real goodbye.
He thought he had time. Time to reply. Time to care. Time to stay.
But time does not wait. And hearts do not pause forever.

She had given him her silence, her patience, her hope.
He had given her “later.”
And “later” had killed what they once had.

She never asked for forever.
She never asked for everything.
She only asked for a moment.
Just presence.
But even the smallest moments become impossible for the wrong person.
And when he finally realised her worth, there was no message left to open.
No call left to return.
No version of her still waiting.

She understood now.
Some goodbyes do not end with a last meeting.
They end with the last time you felt important.
And that moment had already passed.
She closed her eyes.
She breathed deeply.
She let the silence settle.
It was no longer heavy.
It was hers.
She smiled faintly.
She walked forward.
And she carried herself into a new day.
Because some people don’t walk away loudly. They just stop showing up in places they once called home.
And some goodbyes? They don’t end with a last meeting. They end with the last time you felt important.

Author’s note

Dear Reader,

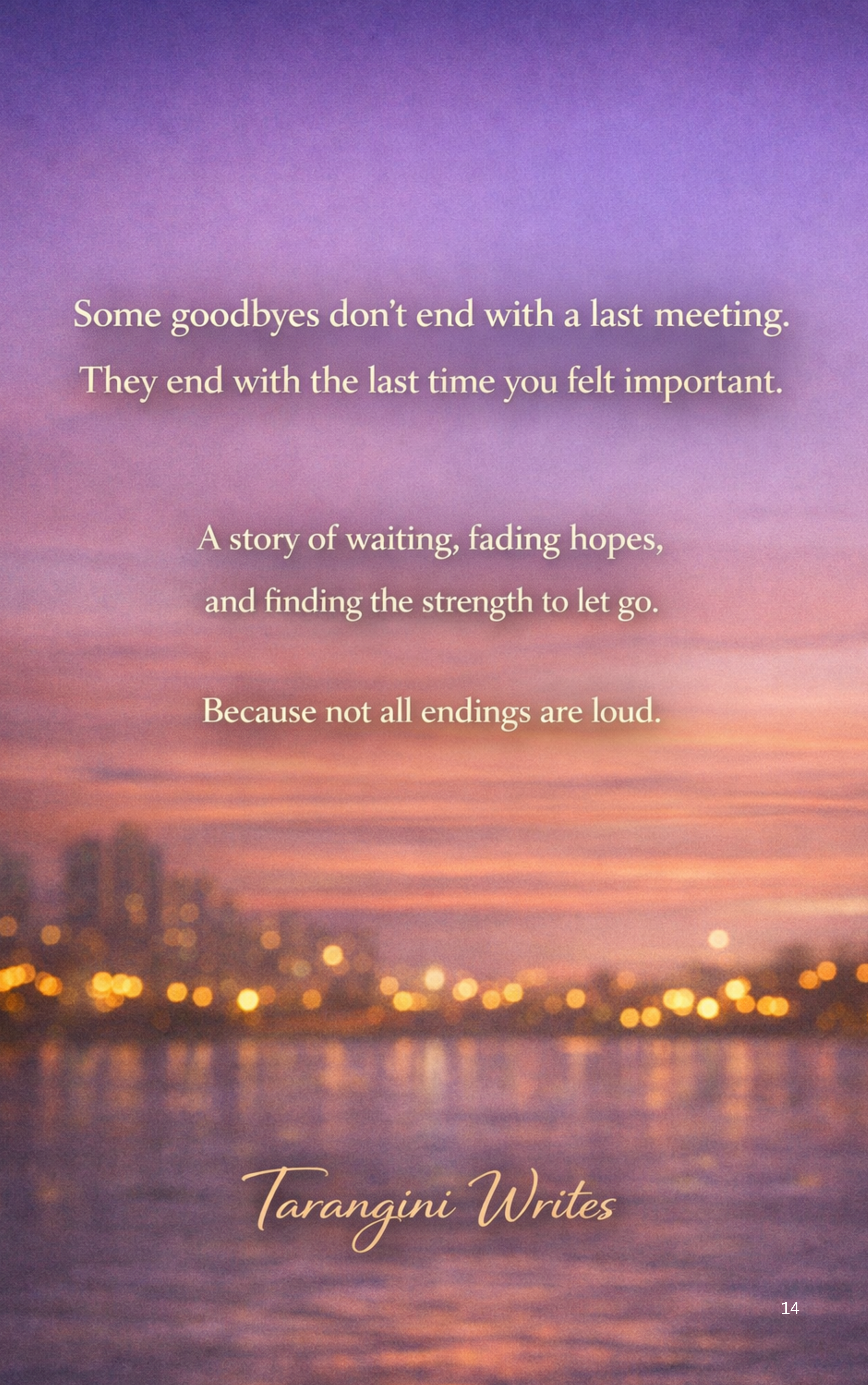
This story was written from silence, from waiting, and from the quiet strength of choosing oneself. If you found a reflection of your own heart in these pages, know that your voice matters too.

I would love to hear your thoughts, your feelings, and your reflections after reading The Last Meeting. Your feedback is not just welcome , it is a part of the journey these words are meant to take.

Every comment, every note, every shared emotion helps me grow as a writer and reminds me that stories live beyond the page.

With gratitude and truth,

Tarangini



Some goodbyes don’t end with a last meeting.
They end with the last time you felt important.

A story of waiting, fading hopes,
and finding the strength to let go.

Because not all endings are loud.

Tarangini Writes